UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Conscientious Objector and Outlawry

By JOHN FAVILLE

Memories of Charles Dickens in Boston

By EDWIN D. MEAD

Romain Rolland on Morel

VOLUME XCIV NUMBER 23

Chicago, February 23, 1925

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

UNITY Fellowship

FRANK C. DOAN
CHARLES F. DOLE
ZONA GALE
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
H. R. MUSSEY
FRANCIS NEILSON
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Managing Editor

EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Ll. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Francis L. Robbins, 65 Washington St., Chicago, Business Agent
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich. } "Monthly Word"

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Percy M. Dawson
James Waldo Fawcett
David Starr Jordan
Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese
George Saranton
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—P. M. Matthéeff
CANADA—Sidney Snow
CHINA—Robert B. Whitaker
ENGLAND—Fred Hankinson
Walter Walsh
FRANCE—G. Demartial
Romain Rolland
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Guglielmo Lucidi
RUSSIA—Alina Huebsch

UNITY PUBLISHING Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

UNITY Fellowship Associates

BOND OF UNION

We, the undersigned, believing in the association of all men and women who are in sympathy with the aims and ideals set forth in the Announcement printed November 3rd, 1921, do invite all who wish to co-operate to join in a world-wide fellowship that has no bounds of race or creed.

The name of this fellowship is The Unity Fellowship Associates and its purpose is the interpretation of the Religion of Democracy. Membership means a declaration of sympathy and interest. There are no dues. Members may make voluntary contributions which will be used for the purpose of making known the aims of the Fellowship and the publication of its literature.

UNITY will be the organ of this Fellowship and all members will be requested, though not compelled, to be subscribers.

Lists of the members will be sent to all members so that they may be known to one another. Local groups may be formed wherever there exists a sufficient number and there is the desire to do so.

All persons who desire to become members may do so by sending their names to UNITY, care of Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, Ill.

Name .....

Address .....

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

To UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find check for which please enter my subscription to UNITY for one year.

Mr. (Mrs. or Miss) .....

Address .....

Rates: $3.00 ($3.50 in Canada; $4.00 in other countries) for a year's subscription. Single copies 10 cents.

Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 359
Jottings.—J. H. H. 361

ARTICLES—
Selected.—*Havelock Ellis* 359
The Conscientious Objector and Outlawry.—Rev. John Faville 362
Memories of Charles Dickens in Boston.—Edwin D. Mead 364
The Next Indispensable Step.—*Judge Florence E. Allen* 368
Rolland on Morel 369

POETRY—
"Lo, These Are Only a Part of His Ways."—Millicent Davis Dilley 363

CORRESPONDENCE—
The Morel Memorial Number—
I. Mary Cruttenden Percy.
II. Henry R. Norton.
III. Stella Morel.
IV. Alice Stone Blackwell 369
A Thomas Paine Memorial.—Edward Chichester Wentworth 369
California and the Japanese.—David Starr Jordan 369

THE FIELD—
Federal Council Calls Crusade for Warless World 370
International Girls' Camp 370

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIV MONDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1925 NUMBER 23

"Again and again in our most esteemed popular journals I come upon slighting allusions to war—evidently aimed at the Great War—thrown out with a fine careless contempt for anything military.

"Now, I ask myself, where were these people in 1914? I never heard of them. No one seems ever to have heard of them. They are too numerous to have all been hidden away in the deathly silence of some remote trenches of Peace. One cannot avoid the conclusion that they were themselves fighting, or kicking other people into the fighting line, or wildly rushing to the rear in search of 'war work,' and shouting patriotic songs and wagging national flags and writing to the papers—for I speak of writers, be it noted—to stimulate all the force of hate, to extol—no doubt often in innocent simple-minded credulity—the men on their own side, whichever that may have been, as heroes, and the men on the other as dealers in 'atrocities.'

"I have nothing to object. . . . This is what we have come to call 'human nature.' I only observe, mildly, that it might have been done a little less hysterically, a little more temperately. . . . But what I do object to is that these creatures have been false to themselves. 'Human nature,' if you like, but if human nature is to be bestial nature, let it at all events be that of decent beasts. . . . It is enough to have been traitors to all that is great and noble in man. There is really no occasion to be renegades also from their own miserable selves."

—*Havelock Ellis,* in "Impressions and Comments."

The withdrawal of the American delegates from the Opium Conference is a kind of final blow at the League of Nations in this country. Just because that blow was needless, however, since the League long since expired on this side of the world, the real significance of the event lies where we placed it in our editorial comment a fortnight ago. After a long succession of disappointments and failures in the political field, the League has now tragically failed in that other field of humanitarian idealism and service where it was giving real promise of success and influence. If the League has justified itself at all since its foundation, it has been in its international work for labor, its campaign against white slavery, etc. Now, however, in one of the most important of these undertakings for social betterment along universal lines, that of the abolition of the opium traffic, it has broken down! The League has proved itself helpless to make effective the conscience of mankind against the selfish imperialistic interests of a single great power. It is a pitiful spectacle, especially in this instance of the Opium Conference, where the offending power is that England which has boasted so furiously of being a friend of the League, and the spokesman of England is that Viscount Cecil who went straight to Geneva from receiving a peace prize here in America in recognition of his work in furthering the Wilsonian ideals of international organization. There is an irony about these things so terrible that one knows not whether to laugh or to cry. In the case of politics and politicians our temptation, we must confess, is to grow cynical. As regards the Opium Conference, we are wholly castdown, grieved beyond expression, as we had hoped for great results. Our one comfort in the débâcle is that Representative Porter did what President Wilson should have done in Paris in 1919. He came home!

We always hesitate a bit to accept at their face value speeches that are reported in the daily papers. However, the following has not been contradicted and we are going to assume that it is substantially correct. Some time ago Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske was a speaker at the New York Army and Navy Club. In the course of his address, the Admiral told his hearers the real reason for war. It is so simple that we are sure the readers of UNITY will be delighted to have it from such an authoritative source. He said:

> War is a business of mathematics and machinery and scientific appliances and noise and discomforts and bloodshed and many other horrible things from which women instinctively recoil.

The Admiral is also quoted as saying:

> Not only do they (the women) recoil from even the idea of war but the extreme delicacy of their nervous systems makes many of them incapable of thinking of war in a rational way.

He said that many women confuse a reasonable preparedness for war with an actual intention to make war. He concluded that the way to bring women to realize the realities is

> to prove to them that it is for the comfort and protection of women, after all, that wars are fought.

We once thought that coal, iron, oil, and other commodities had something to do with modern wars, but it now seems from a military point of view that women must bear the responsibility. Since the time of Eve they have been made responsible for many things, and we suppose the addition of war to the list will not prove to be very burdensome. Furthermore, there is compensation in the thought of "the comfort and protection" that war has brought to women—in Belgium, France, Poland, Russia, for example, in the Great War!

The discovery early this month of the fossil skull at

Taungs, South Africa, is being hailed as a most important event in anthropological history. It seems to fill in the gap which has been so long lacking in fossil evidences of human evolution, and thus to be a genuine "missing link." This gap is of course the one between the most primitive of men and the most advanced of apes. The famous "Java Man" of the early Pliocene period is perhaps the most remote of our known ancestors but his remains do not carry us back to our ape-like progenitors. This new find, however, seems to bridge the gulf. Professor Dart, the fortunate discoverer of the new skull, declares that it is the head of an individual who was not a human being as we understand the word, and yet was more intelligent than a gorilla or chimpanzee. This ancient man was unable to talk but his brain was advanced beyond that of any monkey known. He is therefore to be classified as a man-like ape rather than as an ape-like man. The evolution of the horse is now recorded in all its stages of development, a fact well known to visitors at the Natural History Museum in New York City. It would seem as though the steps in man's development were soon to be recorded in the same way. The whole thing is of fascinating interest, especially to William J. Bryan and the Fundamentalists. We wish that they would tell us what they think of such a "find" as this, which is universally hailed by scientists as one more vindication of the Darwinian Theory.

We are glad to see that the tide of protest against the commercialization of Harvard University is a rising tide. The new Business School, made possible by the five million dollar gift of Mr. George F. Baker, is getting on the nerves of graduates and undergraduates who desire to have the old institution survive as something more than a mere business academy. We wonder if there is nothing that money can not do and will not do in the way of prostituting to the basest ends of commercial usage whatever institutions we have in America for the cultivation of the higher life. Everything is apparently for sale. Our newspapers are purchased in the marketplace like cabbages and tomatoes. A millionaire buys Trinity College, wipes out its historic title, and nails up his own name over the doorway, all for money duly given. A Wall Street banker who has never had an interest in life apart from amassing money, sends his check to President Lowell and buys the University as a preparatory school for the New York Stock Exchange. That little can be done these days without money is a commonplace; but we would have our colleges, churches and other institutions receive donations on their own terms and not on the terms of money-mongers who know nothing but the ring of a gold coin. If there is to be any culture in religion, any true civilization in America, if we are ever to escape from the worship of money and the rule of money-kings, it is time that the better spirits of the land bestirred themselves. There are some interests that should not be lost, as there are some sanctuaries that should not be for sale.

Human interest stories are still sure of a place on the front page! That unfortunate man who was caught in the Kentucky cave a short time ago held the attention of the entire country for days. Special correspondents hurried to the spot to tell the story. Hundreds of thousands of dollars must have been spent in telegraphing the story to the news collection agencies. Millions of people read the tale and trembled with mingled hope and fear as its chapters unfolded from day to day. Only a single life was in question, and yet the whole country was aroused. It is amazing that one unknown man should have attracted such attention. Yet is it not just because it was one man who was thus caught in a trap, whose name we knew, whose family we became acquainted with, whose home we learned about, that we became so interested? It is always the personal side of things that holds us—the tragedy of the individual life that moves our pity. Thousands of little children in this country are caught in machines just as this man was caught by the stone in the cave. We read official reports about these children and try to estimate their importance in tables of statistics, but few people are concerned. The Constitutional amendment providing for the release of these children in the same way that shovels and drills were used to provide for the release of the man in the cave, is being steadily rejected by the legislatures of the states to which it has been referred. Nobody seems to care. Yet if we could only see one little girl, with her tattered dress and tired eyes, caught in a machine from which she can not escape from morning to night—if we only knew her name, saw her mother, and felt the story of her misery—we would be thrilled with excitement and determination. No evil can be removed until it is dramatized in personal form. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did the business for the chattel slave. Who will do it for the child laborer, the tenement dweller, the sweat-shop worker, the soldier at the front?

The *New Republic* has forestalled us! We started some weeks ago to write an editorial note expressing our feelings about Bishop Manning's great cathedral in New York City. We felt it to be something of a joke that this Episcopalian temple in which nothing but the narrowest type of religious doctrine will ever be preached, should be presented to the citizens of New York as a great universal church belonging to them all. We wondered what would happen after the cathedral was built if Dr. Guthrie, himself an Episcopalian, should desire to present his religious dances before the altar, or Bishop Brown teach his theology from the pulpit. We speculated as to how often Unitarian

preachers would be invited to conduct services in the sacred shrine, and how many Jews would be welcome to the Eucharist. But all this was not so serious as our feeling that the whole enterprise of building a medieval cathedral to enshrine the religion of the 20th century was an anachronism of the first order. Imagine the poverty of imagination, the absence of vitality, the sheer lack of creative vision and idealism in a religion which can do nothing but copy the cathedral builders of a thousand years ago! All this we started to say, as we have confessed, then thought that it would be ungracious and desisted. Now comes the *New Republic* to say better than we could have said it what is a real conviction of our mind. This proposed structure on Morningside Heights is an anachronism. It has no more real place in the religious life of America than an Egyptian tomb. It is itself a challenge of the assumption that there is any such thing as a genuine religious life in America. It is this which the *New Republic* states with admirable clarity and courage. May we add to it simply our testimony that the religion of America exists as a very genuine reality. It is here and it is going to work wonders in the future, but these wonders are not going to be the reproduction of medieval cathedrals. We sometimes doubt if churches, altars or shrines of any kind will have place in the life of that greater faith that is yet to be upon the earth. Emerson was catching a glimpse of the future towards which we are tending when he wrote:

> I like a church; I like a cowl,
> I love a prophet of the soul;
> And on my heart monastic aisles
> Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
> Yet not for all his faith can see
> Would I that cowlèd churchman be.

Mention of the cathedral and of Bishop William Montgomery Brown reminds us that this famous churchman has recently lost his appeal to the higher ecclesiastical court, and is thus more than ever a heretic. His statement to the court was a noble one—his re-interpretation of the creed one of the most sublime humanistic documents of recent years. But the whole thing only raises in our mind an aching wonder as to why the good Bishop clings to the creed, however it be interpreted, and why the church attempts to enforce it, however it be denied. Why bother with creeds—why take them seriously any more? They are only the historic evidence that Christians of an ancient day knew how to state their faith in the language of their own age, and instruction therefore that Christians of a later day should state *their* faith in the language of *their* age. And why trouble about faith at all in its theological aspects? If faith be genuine spiritually, why try either to confess it or impose it in traditional forms? Bishop Brown loves his fellow-men and would liberate them from tyranny and bondage. He believes in the Kingdom and labors for its coming. His is a gentle spirit and a compassionate heart. What more is needed for Christian testimony? Nothing—as we believe the church itself would be glad to agree, if only Bishop Brown had not attacked capitalism and flirted with Communism. Here is the real heresy! This man will not leave the church alone in its complacent conformity to the existing unrighteous social order. He insists upon exposing its hypocrisies, its evasions, its denials of the Christ. Witness his statement about the War:

> Let us not excuse ourselves. We as a church did help to send them to their myriad crucifixions. We blessed the war. We told them that God was on our side and that they were doing a holy thing in fighting His battles for the good of the world. Their blood is upon us. We sent them into shambles of torture and into hell's heat.
>
> They were serving their country, we told them. And in our literal-mindedness we directed them to a tribal divinity instead of to a universal God.

Of course such a man is a heretic and must be condemned!

Jottings

Events of great importance have transpired in India during the last three months. The All-India Congress in December took action which involves momentous developments in the Gandhi movement. A full statement about the situation will be presented in an early issue of UNITY, in an article now being prepared by Mr. Holmes.

Life in Austria under the League of Nations is indeed a blessing! Thus, the Ambulance Association in Vienna has reported that January was the worst month for suicides and attempted suicides in its forty-three years of existence. There were 149 cases that month, with a present per diem average of 40.

"Jane Addams, America's most dangerous woman!" This is the latest honor which has been conferred upon the distinguished head of Hull House. Miss Addams has received more honors than any other woman of her time, but I doubt if she will prize any honor more highly than this latest conferred by an officer in the United States army.

Theodore Ruyssen has given us a fine epigram in his statement—"Fear provokes great armaments, great armaments provoke fear; this is the circle infernal."

"Educational institutions," says Professor F. C. S. Schiller, in his little book called "Tantalus," "become the chief enemies of education, and seats of learning the chief obstacles to the growth of knowledge." Likewise, we imagine, churches become the chief enemies of religion and the chief obstacles to the growth of spirituality!

DEFINITION.—*Patriot*, a man who loves his country for what there is in it. J. H. H.

The Conscientious Objector and Outlawry

The Conscientious Objector to war is among us. His tribe is increasing. He demands and deserves a hearing. He knows no question is ever settled in this world until it is settled right. He sees the failures and contradictions of any compromise with war. He is in dead earnest. To say he is a coward or a slacker is to slander him. He is in a harder fight than those who cast him out. He is not a thin blooded two percent American. He loves his country. He is ready to do his share of work and sacrifice for it in other ways.

But he insists on the "ineradicable and inalienable" right of conscience. He has had many and great ancestors. The brightest beacon lights of history include those who have stood for what they thought was right as the C. O. now stands against war. He has back of him a branch of the Christian church, the Quakers. He is growing in favor because of his enemies and their weapons. Ridicule, sarcasm, contempt, persecution do not weaken him. To glorify war and claim it is the only alternative at times do not swerve him. "Here I stand. Henceforth I am not going out to kill my fellow man in war no matter who or what commands it."

The C. O. has a case. He must be reckoned with. But this does not mean that he has solved the problem of war or that he alone can solve it. His personal decision, he may say, will in time win others to decide with him and then there can be no more war.

If that is his plan then it must come into competition with other plans, for others have the same end in view. They are as much committed to their plans as the C. O. to his, but are not convinced as to what plan is the best or the right one to adopt.

It is consistent to want to end war as much as the C. O. wants to end it, yet not to be willing to take his personal stand and even to object to his taking it. Nor does this destroy the fact that the C. O. ideas and attitude may have merits and may become factors in the solution of the war question.

We are grappling with the world's greatest moral issue. We are facing an institution intrenched in governments and customs and laws. Sanctions and glorifications of war are in the warp and woof of history. There is a new and growing conscience against war. The C. O. is both a cause and an effect of this fact. But the practical question now is, what is the best plan to get the results we want?

Some war plans are preparations for war, some are compromises, some are depending on the long processes of education and moral growth. But there is one plan that the C. O. must consider that is none of these. A plan which, above all others, he must now determine his relation to. This plan is to *Outlaw War*.

Outlawry is a principle plus a plan, a "mind set" plus a program, a moral purpose plus a method. It has a firm grasp on the ethics of war, and a definite message and method on how to meet war.

The failure of too many plans and efforts to end war is their failure to make the distinction between the results that have come from this or that war and war as a means to an end.

Outlawry joins the C. O. in repudiating war itself. It gives the system no quarter. There is still confusion of ideas about wars as legal, respectable and even holy, and war as an age long and world wide system. The weakness of most plans is, that they do not begin with a "Thou shalt not kill each other as nations."

Outlawry demands that war now legalized by nations must be made illegal; now sanctioned must be made a crime; now intrenched in our international customs and codes and courts, and being prophesied and prepared for in the future, must be outlawed.

More definitely this is the creed of the subscriber to Outlawry:

I believe that in international relations, nations must change from laws and rules of and for war, with which they are now honey combed, to organic laws against war.

I believe that war as a way of settling controversies between nations must be made a crime under the laws of nations and the war system of the world outlawed and abolished.

I believe in the codification of international law under the principle and plan of Outlawry and the establishment of a world court with affirmative jurisdiction.

I believe that outlawry is something of and by and for the people, and that they must now be given a chance to declare themselves concerning it.

Here is the challenge to the C. O. He must meet this new attack on war. And one of the first things he will discover is, that outlawry helps him untangle his own and others' ideas about the state and conscience.

The outward political bond between Church and state is supposed to be broken in our nation. Each has its function. Neither must dictate to nor control the other. But there is yet a subtle and real union between them. It cannot be otherwise. The same people are largely in both of them. How far can the state go in times of crisis or need in commanding my conscience? How far can conscience go in defying the state? So far it is a drawn battle.

Individualism supreme means Anarchy. The state supreme means tyranny. Outlawry declares that a nation or any group is under the same moral law as the person and the only possible reconciliation is that both shall obey moral law. Both must in Christian nations have the Christian attitude toward such an issue as war.

The state is the people in a way of thinking, a habit of opinion, and it not only can but must have a conscience. It has no more right to steal, cheat, plunder or murder than the person. The state cannot defy moral laws and flourish any more than it can do business and defy mathematical laws. The state has got to become a part of the Kingdom of God as well as the home, and school and church.

Outlawry is doing a rare service for the C. O. and not less for peace when it demands this single standard of morals on war. The C. O. is the disciple of individualism. He focuses on himself. He is introspective. He magnifies one part of his life. In his isolation he says "I cannot get what I want from my government, it is wedded to its war idol." The church is in "inextricable entwinement" with the nation in war. I must defy them to do the most for my principle and for myself and for my cause.

Outlawry says we are sister nations; we are one humanity. Our success depends on our working together as a people in attacking and abolishing an institution. Whatever the need and worth of personal sacrifice for conscience sake in the past or now, we are finding that: to get together on a crusade, a campaign, a decision on war itself is now the foremost need.

I cannot obey my nation says the C. O. Outlawry says we the people must make the nation obey us.

I cannot go with my church says the C. O. Outlawry says, we must leaven the church, and it is already doing it.

The C. O. passes judgment on past wars and present plans. He demands what never has been nor can be, that all consciences should become what his has, on a given question.

Outlawry does not pass judgment on past wars. It does not ask for agreement on the causes of war, it does not demand that all shall vow never again to take part in any war. It asks for action that means not steps toward lessening or alleviating wars, but a "right about face" concerning war.

The C. O. has done but little in group or organization. Outlawry has a full fledged working program to give our nation and through it to the world. The resolutions of many denominations, are stressing outlawry. The recent protocol sent out by the League of Nations, makes "Aggressive war a crime." These are tremendous testimonials and indorsements. Outlawry is the father of them all.

The C. O. has the passion of duty and reason, a working conscience and the courage of his convictions. Outlawry has these also for the person and with them the passion of humanitarianism, of community service of co-operation, of faith in the people.

The C. O. says no more war for me. Outlawry says, No more war for nations. The C. O. says I must settle this question of war between God and myself. Outlawry says we must settle this question of war also between our neighbors and ourselves.

The C. O. says war has no rights that I am bound to respect. Outlawry says war has no rights that nations or civilizations are bound to respect.

The C. O. is dominated by and pledged to peace in his own life. Outlawry demands that nations shall be dominated by a peace system. The C. O. sees that to yield to the war spirit and method will paralyze his own soul. Outlawry sees that to perpetuate the war system means the paralysis of nations and the doom of the world.

The C. O. is right in his splendid emphasis of the moral side of the war problem. But outlawry not only goes with him in this but sees that the political, diplomatic, legal, national sides of war must also be reckoned with. Our plans against war have not been and are not yet equal to our sentiments. Many who say we want peace, we must end war, are still fostering plans that are a compromise with the institution of war.

Outlawry of all plans has avoided this confusion and contradiction. To limit a moral principle like "Thou shalt not kill" is to deny it. To correct or destroy a moral evil by physical violence is to reject morality and Christianity. To put any sanctions other than those born of a public opinion based on conscience, to allow in any plan in any degree the virus of war as the last resort is to invite, not abolish wars.

The C. O. does not see clearly that the finest fruits of conscience are not "I believe I am right and I am going to my death for my convictions." It is rather to get into a fellowship, a sympathy, a patience, a forbearance, a pity, a love for others, that will enter upon a crusade with them. That will bear and suffer with them never doubting, never faltering in the determination to rid the world of what it so much needs to be rid of.

He is not to be a John the Baptist, a voice in the wilderness, but a Jesus teaching and preaching and healing and organizing among the people. He must not court martyrdom. He must accept a commission.

The broadest, deepest, divinest crusade by the people and for the people, the world has ever seen is with us. Church and state, the school and home, politics and parties, the world's brotherhoods and peace societies, industries and inventions, womanhood and childhood, every person and group against war can join in this crusade. Not the stake but the ballot. Not the lone assertion of conscience but the moulding of public opinion by agitation, education, co-operation is now most needed.

The C. O. saying count me as one who will never again go to war must now say: Count on me henceforth to put all I have and am into this crusade to abolish war. He must put his conscience into the channel of Outlawry. And Outlawry, even more than it has, must emphasize its ethical content and it will win to itself the victims of the war system, all the people of the world.

Lake Mills, Wisconsin. JOHN FAVILLE.

"LO, THESE ARE ONLY A PART OF HIS WAYS"

I am the purple of hyacinth,
The ebb and flow of the tide,
The jewelled gossamer of spider web
On apple thorn.
I am the *prie dieu* of hermit thrush,
The hallelujahs of breaking dawn,
The haunting fragrance of Madonna lilies,
Roses, and the dew.
I am the breath of wild grape vine;
I am the Christ-thorn and thistle,
The silver of sea-gulls at morn.
I am the balm—of wormwood and of gall,
Crushed vervain and winter heliotrope.
I am the great white silence,
The harps in the pine-trees,
The blue of cannal-coal.
I am your dream, your moon-mist,
Your stardrift and your sunbeam—
I am the Spirit, the Goal Eternal
And the Truth and Light of man.
I am your Path, your Way and your Life—
I am the human, become the Divine.

For UNITY. MILLICENT DAVIS DILLEY.

Memories of Charles Dickens in Boston

February 7 was the birthday of Charles Dickens; and his birthday was probably never observed so widely or so lovingly as in this year 1925. He was born in 1812, and died June 9, 1870. His first work, "Sketches by Boz," was published in February, 1836. The unfinished manuscript of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" lay on his desk when he died. In that brief life of 58 years, in the literary activity of 35 years, he had made a greater contribution to our imaginative literature, had peopled the world of the English mind with more characters known by us all alike, loved or hated by all alike, than any other save Shakespeare alone. He had done more than any other author in the whole history of English literature to democratize English society and make all know and take to heart that there is an under dog, that he is the bigger half of us, and that he is our brother. How he hated autocracy, and how he hated war.

> There will be the full complement of backs broken in two, of arms twisted wholly off, of men impaled upon their own bayonets, of legs smashed up like bits of firewood, of heads sliced open like apples, of other heads crunched into soft jelly by the iron hoofs of horses, of faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what skulks behind "a splendid charge." This is what follows, as a matter of course, when our fellows rode at them in style and cut them up famously!

I wish that every American child might read his "Child's History of England." I wish that in every home his "Christmas Carol" might be read each Christmas Eve, as a part of our most sacred family ritual, as it has been in our own home ever since we had a home of our own, with as many friends gathered as the room would hold. Last Christmas there was no present more precious than the facsimile of the first edition (1843) of the "Carol," published by the *Atlantic Monthly* people, with Mr. Newton's introduction. I hope that for next Christmas they will reprint as a little booklet Mr. Newton's fascinating *Atlantic* article on the "Carol,"—"The Greatest Little Book in the World."

There is nothing more grateful or hopeful in our present intellectual life, in which there is so much that is meretricious and hectic, than the fact that the reading of Dickens, instead of growing less, grows ever more and more as the years go on, that there were never in any year before so many copies of his books sold as last year, that collections of essays about him, old and new, by Gissing, Andrew Lang, Chesterton and the rest, are constantly announced, and that new editions of his works keep coming.

America has as warm an interest in Dickens as England, and his books are read as widely here as there. Twice he visited us, in 1842 and 1867; and no other English visitor ever had so cordial or memorable a reception. His second visit was just after I came to Boston, and the memory of it is still vivid and impressive. When I came, a youth of 17, in 1866, it was to enter the service of Ticknor and Fields, the famous publishers, who were Dickens's American publishers. That had been for some time the goal of my ambition. I was a bookish boy; and the best books that found their way to our little town of Chesterfield, N. H., bore the imprint of Ticknor and Fields. The realization of my dreams seemed remote and difficult—when suddenly it was made easy. Mr. Howells, whose wife was my cousin, came home from Venice, where he had been our American consul during the period of the Civil War, and they came up to Brattleboro, just across the Connecticut from us, to visit Mrs. Howells' family. I was my brother's clerk and Mr. Howells took an interest in me. He too had been a bookish boy, in higher degree, at a similar age, in similar surroundings in Ohio. Presently he was called from New York to Boston to become Mr. Field's associate as editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, of which he soon became the sole editor; and when he learned of my longing to be with Ticknor and Fields, he at once kindly invited me to come down and spend a week in the new home in Cambridge, and go in with him to Ticknor and Fields and see and be seen. Mr. Osgood thought they could make a place for such a boy; and they did.

Besides the *Atlantic Monthly*, Ticknor and Fields published then the *North American Review*, *Our Young Folks*, and *Every Saturday*. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the editor of *Every Saturday*, had his desk in a corner of the authors' lounge, up one flight, with the portraits of Longfellow and Hawthorne as his companions, and Mr. Fields's little room beside him. Mr. Trowbridge and Lucy Larcom, the editors of *Our Young Folks*, had a large room one flight higher up. Howells came in once a week. His comings and my visits to the Cambridge home were my red letter times. He was my guide, philosopher and friend; and as now after the years I look back, it is to see that he, who opened to me the door to the larger life, gave me a greater personal intellectual inspiration than any other, save Edward Everett Hale. The two stand together in my hall of honor. Howells's "Literary Friends and Acquaintance" gives the best picture which exists of that brilliant period in Boston life, the golden age of our American literature.

That life largely revolved around 124 Tremont Street and James T. Fields. Mr. Fields was the most interesting and important figure among American publishers. His "Yesterdays with Authors" is witness to his literary knowledge, his literary taste, and his literary friendships. Lowell in dedicating to him his "Cathedral" wrote:

> Doctor Johnson's sturdy self-respect led him to invent the Bookseller as a substitute for the Patron. My relations with you have enabled me to discover how pleasantly the Friend may replace the Bookseller.

A hundred authors would heartily have said the same. That was the atmosphere at 124 Tremont Street. I have always counted it among the felicities and blessings of my life that I was set down at that time, at that place, for eight years. I afterwards knew life at the English Cambridge and the German Leipzig; but neither had more stimulus nor education in them, for a young man who loved literature, than the publishing-house of Ticknor and Fields in the decade following the Civil War. Heroes of the anti-slavery struggle, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Andrew, still walked the Boston streets and, as well as poets, were friends of Mr. Fields, and frequented our rooms; and the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came over from Hartford,—for Ticknor and Fields were her publishers too.

Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Hale, Higginson, Whipple,—there was not a week when some of them did not come. We young men at No. 124 were children of earth beside these immortals, hardly on speaking terms with some of them. Howells, Aldrich and Trowbridge were the only ones with whom

I really felt myself a fellow citizen. Yet it is sacramental after the years, and it was sacramental then, to think of ourselves in their world, their little world and their big world. Hawthorne had died two years before, and Longfellow had written his beautiful poem upon his burial. Thackeray had died the year before that, in 1863. Ticknor and Fields were his American publishers, as they were Dickens's publishers, and Tennyson's. Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" had but lately appeared, and was his work which was being talked about, when I came to Ticknor and Fields. Whittier's "Snow Bound" was published late in the very year I came; it may well have been some proofs of it which I took down to him in his room in the old Marlboro Hotel. Lowell had read his "Commemoration Ode" at Harvard in the summer of the preceding year, 1865; and in that same year had been published "The Man without a Country." The second series of the "Biglow Papers" appeared at the very time I came to Boston; I still remember that the new volume lay on Mr. Howells's table during my week in the little home in Sacramento Street. The first series of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" had appeared in 1863, and was still among the new books most talked about at Ticknor and Field's. His translation of Dante was published in 1867, just as Dickens came.

Whatever concerns Longfellow concerned every boy at 124 Tremont Street, by all of whom he was loved and revered above all who came. We thought of him as Howells thought when he gave his chapter on him in his "Literary Friends and Acquaintance" the title, borrowing a phrase of Björnsen's, of "The White Mr. Longfellow." Emerson and Whittier seemed to most of us like clergymen, and they did not often come. Dr. Holmes did come often, always affable and smiling. Lowell, so democratic always in his genius and his books, usually asked simply, "Is Mr. Fields in?" and did not seem to recognize us when he came again. Longfellow knew us every one, every time. His smile as he opened the door said, "Here we are again!" and his entrance was always a benediction. As I now look back, his seems to me the noblest face and presence that I ever knew. I remember how one day, when he came while Mr. Fields had not yet returned from luncheon, and I was alone in the counting-room, he asked if he might not wait with me. I felt as if having a visit from Jove, the benign Jove of Raphael's Farnesina frescoes, whom indeed he distinctly resembled.

This was the literary atmosphere into which Charles Dickens came when he arrived in Boston in 1867, for his American readings. There was not in all the world a finer life than that of Boston, Cambridge and Concord at that time; and all that was fine in that life united in welcoming him. "Our Mutual Friend" had appeared two years before, and was his book then most talked about in Boston. It proved indeed to be his last important work, for "Edwin Drood" was not completed.

It was twenty-five years after his first visit to the United States, in 1842, when he also landed at Boston. He was then only thirty years old, but he had already written "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge," all in a period of less than six years, with such an immediate and prodigious effect that in 1842 his name had become a household word in America as well as in England. Daniel Webster declared that he had "done more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen that England had sent into Parliament"; and Channing wrote him, concerning his reception in Boston, which he said was "all heart," that "there never was, and never will be, such a triumph." That triumph was repeated all over the country. Yet the publication of his "American Notes," on his return to England, had brought such a revulsion of feeling toward him among great sections of our people, that when he came back in 1867 it was with serious misgivings lest the old grudge, the violent expression of which had so surprised and wounded him, was still so persistent as to threaten a cold welcome. At this distance, as we turn the pages of "American Notes," it all seems incredible. It is curious how cheerfully men brook unlimited criticism from their fellows, when they resent a breath of it from "foreigners" as arrogance or condescension. The horrors of slavery in our democracy, the injustice of our copyright laws, the blatancy of New York and Washington politicians, the dreariness of the Western landscape, the rawness of the river life, the dismal village taverns, the grimness of the frontier folk,—why should not Dickens write of them, and why should not our people read as he wrote, and laugh or blush? Yet Dickens was so sensitive about the wretched chapter that, as will be remembered, in his speech at the farewell dinner in New York, in April, 1868, he injected a gentle atonement for anything that had seemed ungrateful or ungracious, and directed that his appreciation of the wonderful advances here since 1842 should be expressed in a postscript to all subsequent editions of "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." The main thing, of course, had been the slavery, and slavery was already "politics," with mobs looming in Boston itself, and the Lincoln and Douglas debate only fifteen years away.

Boston itself certainly had no reason to complain of "American Notes." Dickens had found it almost a fairy city, and had paid unstinted tribute to its philanthropic institutions, the character of its people, and the influence of Harvard College. New England altogether, so much of it as he saw, he found charming. The places which he described outside of Boston were Lowell, Worcester, Hartford and New Haven; and his account of "The Lowell Offering," the magazine edited and written by the Lowell factory girls, made that remarkable little publication famous. He named personally only four Boston men, Dr. Channing, Dr. Howe, Father Taylor, and Emerson. Channing comes into the first page of his Boston chapter.

> I mention the name of this distinguished and accomplished man, with whom I soon afterwards had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted, that I may have the gratification of recording my humble tribute of admiration and respect for his high abilities and character, and for the bold philanthropy with which he has ever opposed himself to that most hideous blot and foul disgrace—Slavery.

To Dr. Howe and his then new Perkins Institution for the Blind Dickens devotes more than a third of the whole forty pages of his Boston chapter, giving chief place to the wonderful training and achievements of Laura Bridgman, in whom he became profoundly interested. Father Taylor's preaching to the sailors interested him almost as much, and his account of the sermon which he heard is most graphic. He quickly heard of the Boston Transcendentalists and, pursuing his inquiries about them, found that they were "followers of my friend Mr. Carlyle, or I should rather say of a follower of his, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. This gentleman has written a volume of Essays, in which, among much that is dreamy and fanciful (if he will

pardon me for saying so) there is much more that is true and manly, honest and bold." Indeed Dickens's conclusion about it was: "If I were a Bostonian, I think I would be a Transcendentalist."

There is no mention in "American Notes" of Longfellow, Holmes, Dana, Ticknor and other Boston authors. But we know otherwise that he at once became acquainted with them all; and all were still here to welcome him and hear his readings in 1867. Besides those mentioned he met in 1842 Sumner, Bancroft, Sparks, and Felton; and he became so attached to Felton especially that the two continued to write long letters to each other for many years.

On February 7 of the present year, 1925, the Dickens Fellowship of Boston at its annual Dickens birthday festival reproduced a part of the program given in honor of Dickens by the young men of Boston, in February, 1842; and the speakers repeated the identical speeches made at that time, the reports of which have happily come down to us. Among the ten speakers on the earlier occasion were Josiah Quincy, then president of Harvard College, who presided, Washington Allston, Richard Henry Dana, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was the culmination of Boston's welcome to Dickens in 1842. At this year's festival, Richard Henry Dana of Cambridge, a son of the elder Dana, impersonated his father; and a grandson of Dr. Holmes was chairman of the Reception Committee.

Among those who were present at the dinner in 1842 was the young James T. Fields, who wrote long afterwards:

> It was a glorious episode in all our lives. The younger members sat in the seventh heaven of happiness. Was there ever such a night before in our staid city?

Fields had been one of those who had the first glimpse of Dickens on his arrival, and he wrote of it:

> He came bounding into the Tremont House fresh from the steamer, and his cheery voice rang through the hall.

And now, twenty-five years later, Fields was himself the centre of the welcome, and it had chiefly been his urging that brought Dickens here. It was around 124 Tremont Street and 148 Charles Street, his home, that the business and social arrangements chiefly revolved; and the best pictures of it all are those given in his "Yesterdays with Authors" and Mrs. Fields's charming journals, recently edited so sympathetically and so well by Mr. Howe.

Dickens arrived on November 19, 1867; and his first reading was on the evening of December 2. The tickets for the first series of four readings had been sold before he arrived, his agent, George Dolby, having preceded him. The tickets were sold at 124 Tremont Street, the ordinary activities of the place giving way for the purpose. It was an extraordinary affair, the line in waiting when we came at eight o'clock not only encircling Hamilton Place, but extending far down Tremont Street; and all the tickets, at high prices, were sold immediately. The scene was repeated at subsequent sales; and once there came with the sale a great snowstorm, through which men stood patiently for hours, half to their knees in snow. I think the later sales were at Tremont Temple itself, where the readings were given. The Boston readings were I think in four courses, with intervals of visits to New York and elsewhere.

When Dickens came, he was delighted, and almost as much surprised as delighted, for he was not yet fully rid of fear of penalties for "American Notes." He had come mainly because he was tired and hoped alike for rest and to mend his broken fortune; and the augury of success was a great refreshment.

In 1842 Dickens had stayed at the Tremont House, and he wrote of it:

> The hotel is a very excellent one. It has more galleries, collonades, piazzas and passages than I can remember, or the reader would believe.

But he did not go back there in 1867, although the old hotel still and long afterwards stood in its stern respectability, with the great granite columns at the portico. His Boston home now was at the Parker House, which had become distinctly the Ticknor and Fields hotel. There the superiors of 124 Tremont Street went for luncheon, while the inferiors—on lucky days,—went to Mrs. Harrington's; and there the little dinners were given. The Saturday Club met there. I am glad that the Dickens Fellowship has its meetings there. Dickens's rooms were on the third floor, at the corner nearest the City Hall; and there were many errands between that corner and the corner of Hamilton Place. As one thinks of it today, it is with the added thought that, with the Tremont House and the Revere both gone, the Parker House is the only hotel now left in Boston with any interesting associations; and the most should be made of it. One of its corners rests on the site of the old Latin School where the boy Benjamin Franklin was a pupil; another corner on the birthplace of Edward Everett Hale; while the modern extension almost touches the site of Dr. Holmes's early home in "old Montgomery Place" (why did they change it to Bosworth Street?), where he used to invite his friend to dine on "pig and peaches." The Dickens rooms should be transformed into a Dickens parlor. How charmingly it could be illustrated! There should be an Atlantic parlor, for literary gatherings, with portraits of all the men who have made the *Atlantic Monthly* illustrious in Boston life, from Lowell and Holmes down to Page and Perry and Sedgwick.

Dickens gave eighteen readings in Boston; and I heard them all. I doubt whether anybody else could say that. It was a happy accident. Ticknor and Fields published in connection with the readings all the abridgements which Dickens made and used. They were in little paper-covered volumes; and these were sold not only at the store but at Tremont Temple on the evenings of the readings. Some of these little blue books doubtless still linger in Boston and Cambridge homes. They must have been bought chiefly as souvenirs, though strangely I saw people poring over them during the readings. Certainly the demand for them was large; and I was detailed from the counting-room to supervise the boys who sold them in the lobbies and the aisles and to take their receipts at the end. Nothing was doing during the reading itself; and I always found some seat. Were ever such evenings! To use young Fields's words, "I sat in the seventh heaven of happiness." Were there ever such audiences in Boston? Longfellow and Holmes and all the great Boston and Cambridge authors were there. Howells and Aldrich and the younger men were there. It seemed as if all Harvard College were there.

The first reading was of the "Christmas Carol" and the Trial Scene from "Pickwick"; and that was the program three or four times. Perhaps it came on Christmas Eve; for there were readings on both December 23 and 24. Selections from "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn" were read to-

gether; and Dickens thought his Boston audience enjoyed the "Nickleby" better than the "David Copperfield." He himself greatly enjoyed reading "Doctor Marigold."

Of Dickens's appearance and his manner and the impression of it all I shall of course say nothing; for that is all in the books, told often by better pens than mine. Kate Field at the time devoted an entire little book to "Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens's Readings." The wonder to us all at 124 Tremont Street, as the days went on, was how he did it; for there we soon knew that he was not able to do it. He was not well when he came; he soon contracted a severe cold, the effects of which he did not wholly get rid of during his whole stay; and Mr. Fields, Longfellow and his other friends feared a complete breakdown. He was brought to the platform night after night only by his interest in his audience, his enthusiasm, and his indomitable will; and again and again he went from the platform to the Parker House in almost complete prostration. He kept much to his room, not often coming even to 124 Tremont Street; and when he did come he looked weary and worn. He spent many days at a time in Mr. Fields's home, and the two took long walks together; and of the happy breakfasts and dinners there Mrs. Fields gives us delightful pictures in her journal. Dickens hated railway travel, and his plans for Western cities had to be much curtailed; and he was glad when the time came in April for him to go home.

Yet he had good times in Boston, much joy in friends, and not a little merriment. The merriest thing which I recall was the walking-match which he and Mr. Fields arranged between his agent, Mr. Dolby, and our Mr. Osgood. The walk was to be from Tremont Street to Newton, storm or sunshine, the two sponsors following on, the loser's champion to give a dinner at the Parker House, and Dickens in either case to write the story. The day proved a very stormy one; but through the snow the walk went bravely on, and Osgood won,—to the great joy of the boys at 124, for we all swore by Osgood. The dinner which Dickens gave was a memorable affair; the guests counted themselves fortunate beings; and by and by Dickens's story of the walk, printed on a large and handsome sheet, was given to each one. His manuscript had been given to me by Mr. Osgood to copy for the printer; for I was surely a better writer than Dickens—then; and I was proud of my little part in the celebration. The manuscripts of few authors of the time were worse than Dickens's—for I saw many. Longfellow wrote a beautiful hand, and Emerson, Lowell, Holmes and Whittier all wrote clearly, John Fiske best of all.

When I went to England in 1875, my first night in London was spent at Wood's Hotel, Furnival's Inn. It was not on Dickens's account that I went there; I do not think I then remembered that he lived at Furnival's Inn when he wrote "Pickwick." I did remember it at Christmas; for my Christmas Eve was devoted to a Dickens's pilgrimage. I went to the rooms where "Pickwick" was written,—and found that the caretaker was the widow of the man who had been in charge in Dickens's time. She said that Dickens had read the chapters to her husband as he wrote them; and it is quite possible that he thus tried them out on one of the plain people. On the same evening I went to Chandos Street, near Covent Garden, to see the place where the boy Dickens helped piece out the family income by sticking labels on blacking-boxes,—a terrible servitude of which we get echoes in the early pages of "David Copperfield." I think the shop in my time—it has disappeared now—bore the sign of "Wellspring"; and the man with whom I talked told me that the boy sat in the window as he worked. It is but a step to St. Andrew's Lane, where the hungry boy used to look at the buns in the baker's window and balance between investing his two-pence in a big bun or a smaller but better one at the same price.

In later years, when we were in London together, how we reveled in our Dickens pilgrimages! Dickens's three London houses were none of them far from us; and the great mass of Dickens places were close by, for we always lived in Bloomsbury. From the windows of Ramsay Macdonald's apartment in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where we first went in 1901—he had visited us two years before at our Boston home, already a Peace crusader, in whom we little divined a potential prime minister—could be seen, fronting on the Fields close by, the old home of Dickens's dear friend and biographer, John Foster, which he frequented so much, and in which he domiciled Mr. Tulkinghorn in "Bleak House." Lincoln's Inn, Covent Garden, and the Temple are all crowded with Dickens associations. But to talk of these would take me far from Memories of Dickens in Boston.

On our way to Stonehenge, we stopped at old Amesbury, the home of Pecksniff, and visited the little church where Tom Pinch used to play the organ. We spent a delightful afternoon at Chigwell, near the Epping Forest,—

> Chigwell, my dear fellow, the greatest place in the world; such a delicious inn opposite the church-yard, such a lovely ride, such beautiful forest scenery, such an out-of-the-way rural place, such a sexton!

It is doubly interesting to the American because there William Penn went to school. The real inn is not the Maypole, as it is in "Barnaby Rudge," but the King's Head. I think it would have delighted Dickens that our Boston Dickens Fellowship calls its little monthly leaflet *The Chigwell Chronicle*.

How he did love old English inns,—and how he loved London! Only Milton and Dr. Johnson seem so much a part of London as he; and it is still his people whom we look for in London streets, though they are not so thick there now as in 1875. And in all London there is no Dickens Inn. There is a Thackeray Hotel; it is directly opposite the British Museum, to whose library Dickens owed so much of his education, as we did after him. The Thackeray was always our London home. Around the corner was the Esmond; behind was the Kingsley; five minutes away were the Waverley, the Ivanhoe and the Kenilworth. Yet no Dickens Hotel, and no Pickwick! I wish that some American company might supply the lack. England has had her chance for half a century, and has not used it. I long ago selected three possible proper sites. I wish that I might be empowered to select the architect, from among three New York and Boston architects whom I know so well that I think I could successfully prescribe the carrying out of my plans. One of them is the son of the author of "Literary Friends and Acquaintance."

Boston is the last place to throw stones at London in this matter, with her ridiculous hotel names of Vendome, Touraine, Brunswick and Somerset. Her Copley-Plaza started well; but why the Plaza? She does have her Puritan, Adams and Quincy; but where are her Shawmut, Tremont, Beacon, St. Botolph, and Win-

throp? Philadelphia at last has its Benjamin Franklin Hotel—rightly the best in the town. But where is the Washington Irving Hotel in New York? In one cosy corner, when it is built, shall be a picture of Irving and Dickens together drinking that famous milk julep. There was no other American who gave him so warm a welcome as Irving on his first visit, and no other whom he loved so well.

Rochester is full of Dickens memories. In it and near it are the scenes of "Great Expectations" and "Edwin Drood"; and practically in the suburbs is Gad's Hill Place, where Dickens lived during his later years and where he died. It is carefully preserved as it was, and since we were there it has been made, as it should be, the property of the people. His grave in Poets' Corner is close by the graves of Tennyson and Browning; and on the wall beside it is the statue of Handel. It is fitting indeed that the great composer of the "Messiah" and the composer of the "Christmas Carol" should rest side by side.

The Bostonian who stands beside that grave in the Abbey, if his memory runs back to 1867, is again in Tremont Temple, and sees again those flashing eyes, and hears again that vibrant voice. Dickens loved Boston, and Boston loved Dickens; and all of her best paid tribute to him. Bret Harte, who became for a time a Boston author, just after Dickens was here, wrote nothing which touched his public more deeply than "Dickens in Camp." Whipple devoted two volumes to "Charles Dickens, The Man and His Work." The last article which Colonel Higginson ever wrote was an article on Dickens, published in the *Outlook,* in the summer of 1911. There was none of the greater Boston authors in whose letters or writings somewhere did not appear the worthy tribute. Soon after Dickens's first visit, Emerson wrote: "The eminent examples"—of a wider dominion over men's minds than any speech—"are Shakespeare, Cervantes, Bunyan, Burns, Scott, and now we must add Dickens." "The humanity which was the aim of all the multitudinous works of Dickens was on the side of the people." And Dr. Holmes wrote when Dickens died:

> We have just seen a life finished whose whole compass was included within the remembered years of many among us. Why was our great prose-minstrel mourned by nations and buried with kings. Not merely because of that genius, prolific as Nature herself, we might almost say, in types of character and aspects of life, whom for this sufficient reason we dare to name in connection with the great romancer of the North, and even with the supreme poet of mankind,—was he not a kind of Shakespeare working in terra-cotta instead of marble?—but because he vindicated humanity, not against its Maker, but against itself; because he took the part of his frail, erring, sorrowing, dying fellow-creature, against the demonologists who had pretended to write the history of human nature, with a voice that touched the heart as no other had done since the Scotch peasant was laid down to slumber in the soil his song had hallowed.

Boston, Mass. EDWIN D. MEAD.

The Next Indispensable Step

That aggressive war be declared a crime under the law of nations, and that its use as a means of settlement of disputes be abolished, is the next indispensable step needed to stop war. Unless war be outlawed, nations must be armed just as men must carry arms wherever murder is the rule.

We must enact international law, and that law must include a declaration that war is a crime against civilization and penalize it under the laws of the nation. There is now no law, not even any declaration, forbidding war.

War is not legally nor internationally a crime. Fighting between individuals, unless in self-defense, is criminal. Purposeful and malicious killing, except in self-defense, is murder. Wars are now illegal and criminal only when they are wars like our own Revolution of 1776. We have to make the world agree that international war, unless in actual self-defense, is criminal, is murder.

We have certain laws about war, but none against war. There are laws as to how war shall be made, but they do not forbid war.

When the international code is written, condemning war as murder, nations claiming self-defense will have to come within that law in order to justify a war. The form the law should take is plain. It should declare that war is a crime against civilization and outlaw it as such. It must be enacted by the civilized world. It need not be enacted by legislature nor parliament. It can be enacted by the League of Nations or it can be enacted by a simple international conference as a universal treaty. America, the first great nation to live in friendship with her fellow nations, should call a conference to outlaw war. She should, without waiting for other nations, make her own declaration of policy not to resort to war. Such a declaration by the most powerful nation in the world would have profound effect.

How the outlawry of war and the international code should be enforced is equally plain. It should be enforced by a court with affirmative jurisdiction, which can call before it nations attempting to make war and to defy the moral law. For this, two things are necessary. First, the affirmative jurisdiction to hear the merits of the dispute, just as our Supreme Court has jurisdiction over the States, and secondly, the code, the law.

The court decrees must not be enforced by physical power. You cannot eliminate force between nations by using force. The nations will never consent to a super-government resting on force. Laws are not enforced through physical power only; they are also enforced through public opinion.

Federal Council Bulletin. —*Florence E. Allen.*

Rolland on Morel

[We print herewith a statement from Romain Rolland in tribute to the glorious memory of the late E. D. Morel. This was originally intended for the Memorial Meeting at the Community Church, New York, but arrived too late to be read. —J. H. H.]

Villeneuve, 16 Janvier, 1925.

Je ne saurais faire un souhait plus haut pour la gloire de votre pays et du mien—Etats-Unis et France—et pour leur salut éternal, que de recevoir du ciel quelques grands citoyens de la véracité et de l'honeteté heroique de E. D. Morel.

De tels hommes ont le plus difficile courage: celui de voir et de redresser les erreurs et les torts de leur propre nation. Toute injustice humaine les fait suffrir jusqu'an sang; mais plus que toutes, celles de leur concitoyens: car ils les aiment davantage. Ils sont les gardiens de l'honneur de la race, les chevaliers errants du droit, a travers la terre.

Je salue avec vous le Bayard de la conscience moderne, le heros "sans peur et sans reproche," E. D. Morel, qui, depuis sa jeunnesse, a lutté seul contre un monde d'enemis, et qui est mort a la tâche, mais vainqueur, et leguant son example de lumineux sacrifice a l'univers.

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

Translation:

Villeneuve, 16th January, 1925.

I could not form a higher wish for the glory of your country and of mine—the United States and France—and for their perpetual welfare than to have them receive from heaven a few great citizens of the veracity and heroic honesty of E. D. Morel.

Such men possess the rarest kind of courage, that of seeing and correcting the errors and the crimes of their own nation. All human injustice makes them suffer to the quick but above all else for their compatriots whom they love to a greater degree. These men are the guardians of the honor of the race, knights errant for the Right throughout the whole earth.

I hail with you the Bayard of modern conscience the hero "sans peur et sans reproche," E. D. Morel, who from his youth struggled alone against a world of enemies, and who died at the task, but victor however, bequeathing his example of illuminating sacrifice to the whole world.

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MOREL MEMORIAL NUMBER

I

To the Editor of UNITY:

The UNITY memorial number was fine. . . .

New York City. MARY CRUTTENDEN PERCY.

II

To the Editor of UNITY:

May I add my word of appreciation to the many you must already have received of the Morel memorial number of UNITY. It is indeed a splendid tribute. How vividly it has recalled Morel himself to us as we read it over, and how he grows greater as we know more of him! . . .

Ossining, N. Y. HENRY R. NORTON.

III

My dear Mr. Holmes:

I have just seen the Memorial number of UNITY, and I must write off by this post to tell you that I think it is wonderful. It is wonderfully edited and superbly carried out, and your reproduction of my father's photograph on the front cover is a better reproduction than has appeared anywhere in England. I have only just received the copy so have not had time to go through it all yet except cursorily. I expect you will be sending me some extra copies. I shall be very glad to have them.

With the warmest thanks for all you have done,

Yours very sincerely,

STELLA MOREL.

IV

Dear Friends:

Your Morel issue was splendid. . . .

Boston, Mass. ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

A THOMAS PAINE MEMORIAL

Dear UNITY:

January 29th was the 188th anniversary, I believe, of the birth of Thomas Paine. There has been in existence in Chicago since 1881 a fund to build a monument to him here. This fund has grown by investment at interest to approximately $7,500.00—a sum considered entirely inadequate to provide the proper and fitting Memorial—the greatness of his services to America and France has been enhanced in the eyes of those who have studied his career much faster. Recently, it has been learned, the trustees of the Ferguson Fund under control of the Chicago Art Institute, have intimated that if there would be evidenced a sufficient interest in the subject by representative organizations and individuals who might approach them with a request, that they would give the proposition serious consideration. To that end the Revolutionary organizations in Chicago, being the Chapters of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, have joined with the Thomas Paine Monument Association in presenting resolutions to this effect—and the latter organization has volunteered to turn over its $7,500 to help the thing along. Other organizations, like the Chicago Historical Society, will probably pass similar resolutions. We need the individual requests also to these Ferguson Trustees in large numbers. Knowing the active interest of UNITY magazine and Lincoln Centre in the accomplishment, long neglected, of giving this great man the testimonial he has deserved, particularly at the hands of our countrymen, I ask that you make a request in one of your February issues that those who are particularly interested in this matter should write to the Ferguson Trustees, in care of the Art Institute, asking that consideration be given the man who said among many other things,

"The world is my country,
To do good is my religion."

Those who have not much time to spend to refresh their memories about Paine will find an illuminating article in Dodd Mead & Co.'s "International Encyclopedia" giving the tremendous factors of this useful life.

Cordially yours,

Chicago, Illinois. EDWARD CHICHESTER WENTWORTH.

CALIFORNIA AND THE JAPANESE

To the Editor of UNITY:

I noticed in one of your editorials, and because you say so much that is true I shall jump on everything which I think is not, that California is obsessed with hatred and distrust of the Japanese.

California has a few low down politicians and a considerable water front mob. These politicians want to keep an open sore with Japan for their own purposes, but those among them who amount to anything you can count on your fingers (though not without soiling them). The universities, the churches, chambers of commerce, and groups affiliated with these, are all dead set against the whole campaign against the Japanese and recognize that this attack on Japan is not for any purpose of exclusion, for the gentlemen's agreement seventeen years ago has been respected and not broken in a single case. Besides which over sixty per cent of the Japanese here come from Hawaii, over which, after our annexation, Japan has no control; but we are not obsessed any more than Boston, through its Irish population, is obsessed against England.

Very truly yours,

Palo Alto, California. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

FEDERAL COUNCIL CALLS CRUSADE FOR WARLESS WORLD

At the Quadrennial Meeting of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ held in Atlanta, Ga., the following resolutions were adopted under the heading, "The Crusade for a Warless World—A Declaration":

"The abolition of war and of preparation for war through the realization of the ideals and principles of the Prince of Peace is a most urgent need today. Its achievement involves the acceptance of the spirit and the establishment of the agencies of justice, fair dealing and goodwill between nations. It requires the friendly co-operation of all nations in the creation and maintenance of international law, in the determination to settle every threatening international dispute by judicial process or by proceedings of arbitration or conciliation, and in provisions for security, honor and economic opportunity for all alike, both great and small. For permanent world peace can come only from justice, justice depends upon impartial law, and impartial law operates only in orderly society, organized on the principles of universal goodwill revealed to us in Jesus Christ.

"This is a crusade in which the churches of Christ have an inescapable part, for at bottom it is a moral and spiritual undertaking. Christians of all lands and all churches should seek with utmost determination to reconcile the nations, to eradicate their misunderstandings, prejudices, hatreds, fears and suspicions, and to create among them the spirit of unity and the noble purpose to work together for the common good.

"The church of Jesus Christ throughout the world has the responsibility for moulding the minds and wills of nations, no less than of individuals, to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with God.

"For the achievement of these sublime ends, under the guidance and blessing of God Almighty, we commend to the churches of America the following concrete suggestions:

"Let the churches of America continue their campaign for adherence by the United States to the protocol of the permanent court of international justice, under the terms stated by the late President Harding and urged by President Coolidge. This world court of justice is not only the fruition and consummation of many decades of American discussions, plans and desires for international peace through justice based on law, but also the promise of a larger and truer righteousness and justice among the nations, a step forward in the establishment of the kingdom of God among men. This court will, we believe, promote the development of a well-consistent body of international law and the substitution of reason, justice and goodwill in place of the crude and savage methods of war or threats of war in settling international disputes and in maintaining legitimate and vital national interests.

"Let the Christians of America steadily insist that the United States should actively co-operate with the nations of the world in codifying existing international law and in drafting and enacting new law to cover situations not covered by existing law. The United States should be among the first of the great nations on a reciprocal basis to accept the principles and the pledge to submit to suitable international tribunals for settlement every threatening dispute, whatsoever its nature may be.

"Let the Christians and churches of America support with vigor the movement for the outlawing of war. America should heartily co-operate in the complete repudiation of aggressive war as a legitimate method for settling international disputes, remembering that where there is no aggression there will be no need for defense. Aggressive war should be branded as an international crime and an aggressor nation regarded as having committed a crime among the nations. Adequate and impartial agencies should speedily be established for determining the aggressor in specific cases and for bringing to bear upon such a nation the combined moral condemnation of the world.

"Let American Christians support with united hearts and voices the call of all peoples for the drastic reduction of armaments of every kind. Armaments not only cost colossal sums wrung from impoverished peoples, block industry, hinder production, consume capital, doom millions to helpless poverty, and cripple all movements for the common good; but they also foster international suspicion, fears and hatreds, in everwidening circles of vicious influence. They help create the militaristic mind among their own people and also among suspecting neighbors. The time has come for nations to prepare and carry out together vast and continuing programs for reduction of armament in conjunction with pledges for the pacific settlement of every threatening international dispute and with adequate guarantees of security and maintenance of honor for the nations that give themselves to the program for peace. For disarmament must be mutual; it is impossible without security and security depends upon adequate and enduring institutions and agencies for peace.

"American Christians should exert every influence to secure the issuance or the acceptance by the United States government of an invitation to attend a world disarmament conference. We believe that our own government should show its readiness for such a step by taking the leadership in the program for disarmament.

"Let us as Christian citizens earnestly advocate the full co-operation of the United States with other nations in efficient international organization for the pacific settlement of every international dispute, for the outlawing of war and for a program of thorough-going disarmament for all, in which organization all nations may take their full share in establishing world justice, in bearing world burdens and in maintaining world peace. In accordance with expressions, official and otherwise, already made by the constituent bodies of the Federal Council, we advocate full, open and friendly relations between the United States and the league of nations, without commitments which would involve us in the local politics of European or of other nations. We believe that with proper reservations and a clear statement of America's principles and international policies the United States might and should take her place at the side of all the nations co-operating in the league and could render important service in solving difficult international problems and in promoting world justice and understanding, world goodwill and peace. . . .

INTERNATIONAL GIRLS' CAMP

"Comprendre, c'est tout pardonner"

OBJECTS

To promote better understanding between the nations.
To create an historic sense.
To develop ideas of co-operation and independence.

MEANS

The young girl as a future mother.
The country as most ideal condition.
Camp regime with its sports, occupations, common objects and self-government.
Study of nature.
Study of Cultures.

The plan is to take abroad twelve or fifteen American girls who have completed their sophomore or junior year and are therefore acquainted with college social technique and adjusted to college life and could, therefore, hope to be nuclei of influence in their respective colleges.

The month of July to be spent in travel; the month of August at camp with non-American college girls.

Foreign campers to join the American girls in Paris a week before camp opens, thus giving an opportunity to all to see Paris and to become acquainted. Campers never to exceed sixty.

The whole permanent camp faculty to be present too:—Directress, Secretary-Treasurer, Director of Sports, Water Sports, Arts and Crafts, Naturalist, Musician, Assistants, if necessary.

The camp organization to be worked out there before reaching camp.

French and English to be official camp languages.

Non-French girls must command enough French to understand the spoken language.

The faculty to be bi-lingual.

Director of Sports, an American woman.

Regular camp regime as obtains in our camps of high standing to be the daily order of life.

Study of national cultures, one of the activities.

Eminent citizens of a country to be invited to present the various phases of

The Blakely - Oswald Printing Co.
PRINTERS and BINDERS
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk St., CHICAGO

their national culture and their country's contribution to civilization.

A magazine to be issued by the campers.

A chief qualification of campers—the power to be a nucleus of influence.

Current expenses to be met by campers.

Installation to be provided by private means,—Europe giving land; America, money. Other bodies to be invited to use it available months.

Many college girls, individually or in groups, go abroad. The object is always a personal one, pleasure or academic gain. The work done is individual and scholastic. Better understanding, incidental.

At camp, life is simplified and the same for all; experiences common, reactions common; co-operation and team work the rule; sportsmanship the guiding principle. The vital ideas for which the world is struggling are unconsciously imbibed.

Through the study of national cultures, conscious effort to be made to reach a more sympathetic attitude towards other peoples through a clearer understanding of the conditions under which they developed, and a better appreciation of each nation's use in the cosmic economy.

Knowledge of language, art, literature, history to be gained in working for a higher purpose.

Camp, while offering culture and travel, still provides an opportunity to build up and store energy for the coming school year and work.

For information and advice, write to
Mrs. Esther L. Gordon,
423 West 120 Street,
New York City.

THE NEW ORIENT

A JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP
Edited by SYUD HOSSAIN

THE NEW ORIENT provides a meeting-place for the keenest, most sincere and most sympathetic minds of East and West. It seeks to cover the entire field of political, economic and cultural relations between East and West from a constructive and forward-looking viewpoint, and to interpret the Renaissance that is dawning over the East against the background of her age-long civilization.

Some of the Contributors:

AE, C. F. Andrews, Edwin Björkman, Claude Bragdon, Prof. Edward G. Browne (of Cambridge, England), L. Cranmer Byng (Editor, "Wisdom of the East" series), Witter Bynner, Ananda Coomaraswamy, Prof. John Dewey, Grace Ellison, Mahatma Gandhi, John Haynes Holmes, Benjamin Guy Horniman, Count Alfred Korzybski, Robert Morss Lovett, Naardyn Lyska, Alexander Meiklejohn, Prof. Paul Monroe, Sarojini Naidu, Yone Noguchi, Giovanni Papini, Marmaduke Picthall, Paul Richard, Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, Rabindranath Tagore and H. G. Wells.

Published Quarterly. ILLUSTRATED.

Annual Subscription, $4.00 (Foreign, $4.25)

12 Fifth Avenue **New York City**

Scrupulous Care

Nothing is left undone to protect the purity of BOWMAN'S MILK.

Frequent inspections, perfect pasteurization and rapid, direct delivery contribute to the safety of BOWMAN'S MILK.

Ask our polite driver to serve you.

BOWMAN DAIRY Company

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S
4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

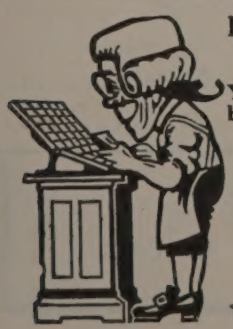
WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM
DOMESTIC
COAL

TELEPHONE WABASH 5028

Main Office 608 S. Dearborn St.

CHICAGO



It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

3913 Cottage Grove
Tel., Atlantic 1876

DREXEL State Bank

Cottage Grove Ave. *and* Oakwood Blvd.

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

Your savings and checking account cordially invited

Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars

FEBRUARY

Attentions to your wardrobe and home should include the cleansing and sanitation of garments and furnishings now showing the effects of Winter's soot and grime. Only by our new continuous flow process are the finest results obtained.

Schumann & Co
Cleaners Dyers

PHONE DREXEL 6231 : : : : : ALL DEPARTMENTS
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

3960 Cottage Grove Avenue

Subscribe for and read UNITY

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

A free fellowship beyond the lines of sect and creed and race

THE FIVE YEAR PROGRAM

An effort is being made to raise $100,000 for a five year program. Already $35,000 has been subscribed. The completion of the campaign will make possible an annual budget to be appropriated approximately as follows:

1—One general field executive, traveling expenses, and one headquarters' clerk	$ 9,000
2—Liberal Religious Institutes and Missions, District and Annual Conferences	4,000
3—Publications—Liberal Year Book, similar to that now issued for the evangelical churches by the Federal Council. Literature supplementing but not duplicating that now published by the liberal denominations. Organ of inter-liberal communication, but not covering fields now served by the liberal denominational journals	4,000
4—Legislative Department. To cover cost of action in connection with the forestalling of anti-evolution and other intolerant legislation	3,000
	$20,000

CONTRIBUTIONS are solicited from liberal churches, societies, and individuals. Use the attached form.

Affiliated—

1—American Unitarian Association
2—Central Conference of American Rabbis
3—Universalist General Convention
4—General Conference of the Religious Society of Friends
5—Various Independent Societies
6—Liberal Individuals

PLEDGE

In order to advance the cause of freedom and progress in religion, to combat intolerance and injustice, and to provide a fellowship beyond the lines of sect and creed and race, and in consideration of similar pledges by others, I hereby promise to the National Federation of Religious Liberals $..... annually for five years.

I enclose herewith $.....

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
Date .....

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

Lincoln Centre CURTIS W. REESE, *Executive Chairman* CHICAGO